

# The Taste of Loneliness

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Summary: When Mark met Lyn under different circumstances. Yes, the title doesn't make any sense. Oneshot.

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Mark walked the main road of Greentree, weaving his way through the early morning risers of the small town. The sweet aroma of fresh bread and burnt coffee invaded his nostrils, making his stomach growled. He stopped and looked at the shop where those darned temptations came from. The lady of the place went back and forth, with a tray full of fresh-baked bread (he presumed) on one hand and a jug of hot coffee (he also presumed) on the other, serving her patrons and shouting to the middle aged man behind the counter. Mark let out a loud sigh, pulled his hood further down his face, tucked his cloak closer to his chest, and made his way out of the town.

\*Grumble\*

Mark sighed at hearing the sound for the hundred times. He had been walking for what seemed like a century, and the sun was directly above his head, brilliantly shining, sending all its positive energy to the mortal world underneath. \_Great, just great. \_He let out another sigh and rubbed his stomach with both hands.

"Look, I know we're not exactly on good terms these past few days, but can't you just stay quiet until we get to the next town?"

\*Grumble\*

"I know it's been a while, butâ€¦" the man brought out his purse, opened it, and hold it upside down in front of him, "as you can see,

there's nothing I can do right now. Next one's a little bigger, with some lucks, we might find a job that pays this time around."

\*Grumble\*

"Now you're just being mean. I didn't hear you complaining when the lady paid us with three days' worth of bread before, which as I recalled, you finished in two."

\*Grumble\*

"That's it! We're done. I'm not talking to you till we get to the next town. Good day."

"Pfft, tee heeâ€|"

Mark stopped hisâ€| ramblings when a giggle made its way to his ears. He turned around to see a girl covering her mouth with her right hand. She was holding a small pouch in her left hand, and her green ponytail swayed gently whenever her body twitched, no doubt from trying not to laugh.

"Iâ€| I'm sorry. It's rude of me, butâ€|" she covered her mouth once more, failing miserably at stifling her giggle. Mark smiled, waiting for the girl to get catch her breath. "You do know you need to listen to your gut whenever they decided to talk, right?" The man only managed a shrug at the young woman's remark. "I can only offer you some flatbreads, but if you don't mindâ€|"

"Realll-"

\*Grumble\*

"Oh you hush up."

She didn't even bother masking her laughter at that one.

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Mark looked around at the inside of the hut, ger, as Lyn called it, while the woman busied herself in the kitchen.

"So, what's your story?" Mark raised his head to meet Lyn's gaze. "We don't get that many travelers here, especially this time of year." She proceeded to pour some flour into a bowl, and mixed some water along with a couple of other herbs into it.

"Nothing special, really. Just a travelling tactician trying to earn some coins for himself. Turns out peacetime aren't really that good for making money."

"Unless your definition of tactician's different than mine, I'm pretty sure that's not ordinary at all." Lyn said, bringing a few flattened doughs outside of the leather hut. "You know, if you're looking for a job, heading to Bern might be a good choice. Some warlords there would kill to get a tactician on their side. All we got here are the occasional bandits and ruffians, hardly a thing for

a skilled tactician to care about." Her voice came about from outside, along with the aroma of burning dough.

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"There. Dig in."

Mark was astounded at the amount of food on the table. There were flatbreads, just like Lyn offered, and others. The grilled meat, cut into thin slices, glistened with its own juice, with thin smoke still coming out of the fresh cut. The sweet, creamy smell of fresh milk from the mashed potato invaded his nostrils, making his stomach growled even louder. And let's not forget the fresh vegetables that Lyn just plucked outside of her hut.

"Lyn, you do know I can't pay for any of these, right? Don't you think it's too much for a stranger you just met on the side of the road?"

"It's fine. You're Mark, and I'm Lyn. We're hardly strangers now. And besidesâ€¦" Lyn's face turned cloudy for a moment, "it's been so long since I had a guest, I kinda went overboard." She said, sticking her tongue out in a child-like manner.

Mark just smiled at the girl's antics. "Well, if you say so." Mark reached for a flatbread and put it on his plate, while Lyn took a seat on the other side of the table.

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><p><strong>The end. You guys know what happens after this.  
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\*\*I don't know when the next chapter of CoM will be finished, but I'm working on it right now, albeit very slowly.\*\*

End  
file.